

The Benton Weekly Record.

Historical Society

VOL VI

BENTON, MONTANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1880.

NO. 16.

J. A. KANOUSE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
FORT BENTON, M. T.,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND JUSTICE OF THE
PEACE.
OFFICE: Main Street between Baker and St.
John's Streets.
Dr. F. E. CALDWELL,
Homeopathic Physician,
Office in Chicago, Building on Levee street.
FORT BENTON, MONTANA.
OFFICE HOURS:
From 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m.
SHOBER AND LOWRY,
Attorneys at Law and Collecting Agents
Jackson Street near Wood Street.
HELENA, M. T.
DORRIS D. WEAVER, CHAS. A. WEAVER
ESTABLISHED 1862.

P. B. Weare & Co.,
COMMISSION
MERCHANTS
In Grain, Seeds & Provisions,
MONTANA FURS,
Hides and Wool a Specialty,
122 South Water St.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
CIVIL ENGINEERING
—AND—
SURVEYING
—OF ALL KINDS—
Accurately and Promptly Performed
—BY—
H. E. ROLFE,
Fort Benton, Montana.

WOOL!
I AM PURCHASING AGENT IN
MONTANA
For several seasons connected with the United
States Government, the best brand and color
wool in the country used. Home-made, Free
wool and Desert Land Wool. Parties attending to
large quantities.
FULL MARKET PRICE
FOR THE WOOL OF THE TERRITORY.
Principal office will be in Helena.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
PAUL GIBSON.
PETER SMITH,
CARPENTER,
JOINER AND
Boat Builder,
Main Street, near St. John.
FORT BENTON, MONTANA.
Boat building a specialty.

MONTANA HOUSE.
(DEUTSCHE HALLE.)
By the Day, Week
or Month.
MRS. LOUISA BECKMAN,
Attends and does all the Cooking
TERMS REASONABLE.
JOHN GLASS,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
—FRONT STREET—
Fort Benton, Montana.
Repairing of fine American and
European watches a specialty.
All kinds of jewelry manufactured
to order. All work warranted
according to agreement.

STAR BAKERY,
John H. Gamble,
PROPRIETOR.
MAIN STREET, FORT BENTON, M. T.
We beg to inform our friends and the
public generally, that we are now pre-
pared to supply families or others with
bread and pastry of all kinds, which we
warrant to be first class.
ORDERS DELIVERED

WATERMAKER AND JEWELER.
—FRONT STREET—
Fort Benton, Montana.
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All kinds of jewelry manufactured
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H. P. ROLFE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
(Associated with Sanders & Fulton, of Helena.)
Collections and Business Promptly At-
tended to.
OFFICE: Front Street, between Baker and St.
John's Streets.
MASSENA BULLARD,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
HELENA, M. T.
Will Practice and Make Collections in all
Parts of the Territory.

CHARLES BRYER'S
FRONT
STREET,
M. T.
BARBER SHOP!
August Beckman,
Saddle and Harness Maker.
OPPOSITE KLEINSCHMIDT'S STORE,
FRONT STREET.
Repairing a Specialty.
Isaac & Richard Mee,
Blacksmiths & Wheelwrights
REPAIRING, SHOEING, Etc.
(ESTABLISHED 1873.)
HAMILTON & HAZLETT,
Old Agency, M. T.,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
We keep constantly on hand a complete
assortment of goods suitable for
Ranchmen, Freighters and
Travelers.
The Highest Market Price Paid for
Hides and Peltries.
Call and examine our prices before
purchasing elsewhere.

Neil McIntyre,
BOOT AND SHOE
MAKER,
FRONT STREET, FORT BENTON, M. T.
(Opposite Payne's Blacksmith Shop.)
USES ONLY THE BEST MATERIAL.
Good Workmanship and Perfect Fits
Guaranteed.
Repairing Neatly and
Promptly Executed.
PRICES MODERATE.

S. C. ASHBY'S
Life Fire Real Estate and
Collecting Agency.
OFFICE: Main St., Helena, M. T.
POLICIES ISSUED AND LOSSES ADJUSTED
AT THIS OFFICE WITHOUT ADDITIONAL
COST TO THE INSURED.
The following sound and reliable Com-
panies are represented by this Agency:
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Assets, \$88,000,000
FIRE COMPANIES.
AMERICAN CENTRAL INS. CO. OF
St. Louis, Mo., Cash Assets \$ 802,114
CONTINENTAL INS. CO. OF N. Y. 327,172
HOME INS. CO. OF NEW YORK 639,342
MERCANTILE INS. CO. OF ST.
JOE, MISSOURI 335,773
PHOENIX INS. CO. OF BROOK-
LYN, N. Y. 275,654
SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INS. CO.
OF GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, U. S. B. 678,741
St. Joe F. & M. Ins. Co. of
St. Joe, Mo. 406,635
St. Paul F. & M. Ins. Co. of
St. Paul, Minn. 841,900
Total \$13,546,944

BUCK & HUNT,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
FORT BENTON, MONTANA.
Office: Diagonally opposite Court
House.
J. J. DONNELLY,
Attorney at Law,
FORT BENTON, M. T.
Prompt Attention Given to Collections.
J. W. WHEELLOCK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Fort
Benton and vicinity.
OFFICE at Flanagan's Drug Store.

SCOTT HOUSE.
MAIN STREET.
Deer Lodge, Montana
Board, per day, \$2.00
Single Meals, 50
SAM SCOTT, Proprietor.

St. Nicholas Hotel,
—BUTTE CITY, MONTANA—
McIntyre House,
—DEER LODGE, MONTANA—
AYLESWORTH & McFARLAND,
Proprietors.
First-Class Hotels in Every
Respect.

Wm. JOYCE,
Fashionable Boot & Shoe
Maker,
FORT BENTON, M. T.
The finest quality of French Calf-Skin
boots and shoes made to order
and warranted to fit.
Repairing Neatly Executed.
Country orders solicited and promptly
filled.

BANK
OF
NORTHERN MONTANA
We Transact a General Banking
Business.
Keep current accounts with merchants, stockmen
and others, subject to be drawn against by
check without notice.
WE BUY NOTES AND PAY INTEREST
ON TIME DEPOSITS.
Make loans of money secured by personal en-
dorsement. We buy and sell exchange on the
commercial centers of the United
States.
We will give Special Attention to
the Business of Northern and
Central Montana,
And will make such loans to stock men and farm-
ers as are called for by their requirements.
Local Securities a Specialty.
Collections and all other business entrusted to us
will receive prompt and careful attention.
COLLINS, BUELL & CO.
RECORD BUILDING, FORT BENTON, M. T.
HORACE R. BUELL, WM. H. BUELL, JR.
U. S. Commissioner, Notary Public.

INTERNATIONAL
HOTEL.
RINDA & SKLOWER, Props.
Corner of Main & Bridge Sts.
HELENA, M. T.
COSMOPOLITAN
HOTEL.
Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,
HELENA, M. T.
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN,
Proprietors.

Centennial Hotel,
GEORGE W. BEAL, Proprietor,
CORNER OF MAIN AND GRANITE STREETS.
BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.
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Poetry.
A SILENT VOICE.
Sweetly the evening bells ring out their call,
Slowly the deepening twilight shadows fall,
O'er the dreamy earth and sky,
The crickets chirp in solemn singleness of tone,
Filling my heart with sadness as alone
In weariness I sigh.
Sweet are the voices that the twilight brings,
Dearest the sadness that to memory clings,
For happy thoughts come too
Of golden dreams of youth too bright to last,
Sweet visions of an unforgetful past.
When love's dear song was new,
But when the darkness deepens into night
And all my golden dreams have taken flight,
My heart grows wild with pain,
The midnight only hears my bitter cry,
No answering voice sends back a soft reply,
Fry in vain, in vain.
Love's pleading voice will come to me no more,
Save in sweet echoes from the silent shore
Where cherished memories dwell,
Or in the breezes that around me blow
Breathing accents sad, though soft and low,
The painful word, farewell!
—Helen Jackson.

Selected Story.
FIGHTING JOE.
BY ARTHUR WOOD.
"Who and what was he?"
I was standing in the churchyard of a
small town on the borders of South Staf-
fordshire one bright Sunday morning in
April. I was a stranger in that part of
the country, and was passing through the
place in the course of a long walk from the
larger adjacent town, to which my busi-
ness had taken me the day before. The
extensive mining operations of the last
twenty or fifteen years had altered the lit-
tle unpretending village materially; and
though the quaint old church and some
long low buildings, suggestive of farms
and homes, still remained an air of
rustic simplicity, they were being gradu-
ally obscured and the place itself sophisti-
cated by the formal rows of plain and ugly
tenements, built expressly for the mining
population, which each year was becoming
more and more numerous.
I had amused myself by deciphering
some of the inscriptions on the gravestones
—well-nigh obliterated by the weather-
stains and the moss that time had suffered
to find root-hold in the hollows of the let-
tering—when a man, presumably a miner,
in the Sunday clothes peculiar to his class,
carrying a little child of two or three
years, and followed by another somewhat
older, seated himself on a flat stone, and
opened a conversation.
A civilly-spoken fellow enough, though
with the month accent of the county. I
readily accepted the invitation he offered,
and we chatted pleasantly. He had known
the place many years, he told me, and
long before it had grown into the town it
now was, when it was nothing but a hum-
ble village, and when the houses of the
miners were few and far between. He pointed
out the spot where the unsightly engine-
house and tall red chimney now stood,
and where the heaps of slag and clinker
marked the busy life of the toilers in the
earth below.
The handsome marble monument, he
told me, denoted the last resting-place of
the late rector, and this broad, massive
piece of granite was the tomb of a certain
local squire, popularly known as "Squire
Jack," who, it seemed, was much given to
horse-racing, cocking, and such kindred
sports, and who, being a squire, "he'd no
doubt," a thoughtless, reckless fellow, but
withal good-natured and easy-going, was
as such greatly not unfrequently are, the
most popular member of his family.
As my acquaintance pointed out these
objects and others which he thought I
suppose, would interest me, he had risen
from his seat, and we had strolled leisurely
through the churchyard. It was a nar-
row, and rather in a hollow, that, before
a humble mound of green turf, and decked
with the pretty spring flowers, carefully
planted in the form of a cross, we both, as
of one accord, paused. It had not any
gravestone, but only a piece of wood sup-
ported by two short uprights. On this
was roughly-carved, as if done with a
pocket-knife, these two words: "Fighting
Joe."
"That is a strange inscription to put over
a man's grave," I said; and then added,
"Who and what was he?"
The man seated himself on a stone close
by, and was silent for a few seconds. He
had set down the child he had been carry-
ing, and the two little things attracted by
the bright flowers, had found their way to
the mound, and were about to gather them.
"Here, you mustn't touch them flowers,"
he said, and taking a hand of each, led
them away.
"Well, mate," he then went on to say to
me, in reply to my question, "I don't
rightly know who or what he was. He was
a stranger down here, and neither me nor
my mates ever heard tell where he
came from or who he was. When this here
pit, Fenton's Pit we call it, was first work-
ed we had but few hands hereabouts, and
men as could work had no call to wait
long for a job, and got a good wage as well.
Most of the hands were Staffordshire, but
we never knewed where Joe came from,
and I don't know as we asked, and I praps
he wouldn't have told us if we had. He was
quiet and lonely-like, and said but lit-
tle—that is, when he was all right; but
when he'd had a drop of drink, as maybe
of a Saturday night when he had gotten
his wage of all the hands I ever see to
swear, spend his money, wrestle or fight,
there wasn't one like Fighting Joe."
"And hence his name, I suppose?" I
asked. "And of course it is the old story
again—drink, a quarrel, a fight, and a vi-
olent death; though I cannot understand,
in that case, the evident care that is be-
stowed on the poor fellow's tomb—such as
it is."
"No, sir," the man said, gravely, after a
moment's pause; "not quite all that. A
violent death, yes; and such a death as I
might pray God might ne'er happen to the
worst of us; but it wasn't drink, nor a
quarrel, nor fight with another man, that
brought him to it. It was more the other
way, poor lad—more the other way."

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.
Some Amusing Reading.
The usually grave character of clerical
experiences is sometimes varied by comic
phases, none the less amusing, perhaps,
from being quite unprepared by those to
whom they are due. Though few in
these days would have the bad taste to
joke on things sacred, there can be no
harm in noting a few eccentricities and
anecdotes which are said to have occurred
in connection with things clerical.
Of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker,
vicar of Morwenstow, many good stories
are told in his life by Mr. Baring-Gould.
When young, he was a very tricky fellow,
and kept most people around him in hot
water. At Stratton, where his father liv-
ed, there was a grocer, whom the young
trickster delighted in teasing.
"He would dive into the shop," says his
biographer, "catch hold of the end of the
thread that curled out of the tin in which
the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with
which he tied up his parcels, and race with
it in his hand down the street, then up a
lane and down another, till he had uncoil-
ed it all, and laced Stratton in a cove of
twine, tripping up people as they went
along the streets."
After Mr. Hawker was appointed Vicar
of Morwenstow, the untidy condition of
church affected one of his curates, a man
of a somewhat domineering character to
such an extent that one day the latter
swung up all the rubbish he could find in
the church; old decorations of the previous
Christmas, decayed southernwood and roses
of the foregoing mid-summer festival,
scraps of old Bibles, prayer-books, and
manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends,
candle-ends, etc., and having filled a bar-
row with all these sundries, he wheeled it
down to the vicarage door, rang the bell,
and asked for Mr. Hawker. The vicar
came into the porch.
"This," said the curate, "is the rubbish
I have found in your church."
"Not all," said Mr. Hawker. "Complete
the pile by sending yourself on top, and I
will see to the whole being shot speedily."
The Literary Churchman gives an amus-
ing anecdote of Mr. Hawker, who was
walking one day on the cliffs near Morwen-
stow with the Rev. Mr. W., when a gust of
wind took off Mr. W.'s hat, and carried it
over the cliff. Within a week or two, a
Methodist preacher at Truro was discus-
sing on prayer, and in his sermon he said:
"I would not have forgotten, dear brethren,
blessings; but ask also for temporal favors.
I will illustrate my meaning by relating an
incident that happened to myself ten days
ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a
little insignificant place in North Corn-
wall, named Morwenstow, and about to
proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Chris-
tian friends, that I had on my head at the
time a shocking bad hat—that I somewhat
blushed to think of entering that harbor-
town and watering-place so ill-adorned as
to my head? Then I lifted up a prayer
for covering more suited to my head. At
that solemn moment I raised my eyes and
saw in the spacious firmament on high—the
blue, ethereal sky—a black spot. It
approached—it largened—it widened—it
fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by
a celebrated London maker! I cast my
battered beaver to the waves, my Christian
friends, and walked into Bude as fast as I
could with a new hat on my head."
The incident got into the Methodist Re-
porter, or some such paper, under the
heading of "Remarkable Answer to Prayer."
"And," said the vicar, "the rascal made
off with Mr. W.'s new hat. There was no
reaching him, for we were on the cliff, and
could not descend the precipice. He was
deaf enough, I promise you, to our
shouts."
Archdeacon Wilberforce having come
into the neighborhood to advocate the
cause of the Society for the Propagation of
the Gospel, met Mr. Hawker.
"Look here," said the archdeacon; "I
have to speak at Stratton to-night, and I
am told that there is a certain Mr. Knight
who will be on the platform, and is a wear-
ily speaker. I have not much time to
spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce
him to reasonable limits?"
Mr. Hawker said it was utterly impos-
sible—he was irrepressible.
"But," he added, "leave him to me,
and he will not trouble you."
At the meeting this Mr. Knight was on
the platform waiting for his opportunity
to rise.
"Ah! Knight," said Mr. Hawker in a
whisper, "the archdeacon has left his
watch behind, and mine is also at home;
you will lend yours for timing the speech-
er?"
With some hesitation Mr. Knight did so,
handing him his gold repeater with bunch
of seals attached. Presently Mr. Knight
rose to speak. Now, the latter gentleman
was accustomed when addressing a public
audience to dangle his bunch of seals
round and round in his left hand. Direct-
ly he began his oration, his hand went in-
stinctively to his fob in quest of his bunch.
It was not there. He stammered and felt
again, downed in his speech; and after a
few feeble efforts to recover himself, gave
up, and resumed his seat.
Mr. Hawker frequently acted as postman
for his parishioners; and after service on
Sunday a distribution took place in the
porch, when he not only delivered, but
had also frequently to read the letters. On
one occasion he was reading a letter to an
old woman of Welcombe, whose son was in
Brazil. Part of the letter ran as follows:
"I cannot tell you, dear mother, how
the mosquitoes (mosquitos) torment me.
They never leave me alone, but pursue me
everywhere."

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.
Some Amusing Reading.
The usually grave character of clerical
experiences is sometimes varied by comic
phases, none the less amusing, perhaps,
from being quite unprepared by those to
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When young, he was a very tricky fellow,
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trickster delighted in teasing.
"He would dive into the shop," says his
biographer, "catch hold of the end of the
thread that curled out of the tin in which
the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with
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"This," said the curate, "is the rubbish
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over the cliff. Within a week or two, a
Methodist preacher at Truro was discus-
sing on prayer, and in his sermon he said:
"I would not have forgotten, dear brethren,
blessings; but ask also for temporal favors.
I will illustrate my meaning by relating an
incident that happened to myself ten days
ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a
little insignificant place in North Corn-
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CLERICAL ANECDOTES.
Some Amusing Reading.
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Of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker,
vicar of Morwenstow, many good stories
are told in his life by Mr. Baring-Gould.
When young, he was a very tricky fellow,
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ed, there was a grocer, whom the young
trickster delighted in teasing.
"He would dive into the shop," says his
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thread that curled out of the tin in which
the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with
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After Mr. Hawker was appointed Vicar
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church affected one of his curates, a man
of a somewhat domineering character to
such an extent that one day the latter
swung up all the rubbish he could find in
the church; old decorations of the previous
Christmas, decayed southernwood and roses
of the foregoing mid-summer festival,
scraps of old Bibles, prayer-books, and
manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends,
candle-ends, etc., and having filled a bar-
row with all these sundries, he wheeled it
down to the vicarage door, rang the bell,
and asked for Mr. Hawker. The vicar
came into the porch.
"This," said the curate, "is the rubbish
I have found in your church."
"Not all," said Mr. Hawker. "Complete
the pile by sending yourself on top, and I
will see to the whole being shot speedily."
The Literary Churchman gives an amus-
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walking one day on the cliffs near Morwen-
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wind took off Mr. W.'s hat, and carried it
over the cliff. Within a week or two, a
Methodist preacher at Truro was discus-
sing on prayer, and in his sermon he said:
"I would not have forgotten, dear brethren,
blessings; but ask also for temporal favors.
I will illustrate my meaning by relating an
incident that happened to myself ten days
ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a
little insignificant place in North Corn-
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proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Chris-
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